

“Will there be anything else you require for your meeting?” The hotel manager asked as a final tray of water pitchers was wheeled into the meeting room.

“No, that will be all. I will ask again that we remain undisturbed for the duration of the meeting. No one is to interrupt us,” Angela said in a tone that demanded confirmation.

The manager wore a puzzled look on his face regarding the sign that read ‘American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children’. It seemed rather odd to him that such a group of women would require such strict requests for privacy.

Noticing the look of confusion on the man’s face, Angela smiled sweetly. “We discuss sensitive information about some of the cases we have helped, and for the privacy of the families involved, we request no interruptions. ”

“Of course, madam. Anything else we can do for you, do not hesitate to ask,” said the man as he walked away. Hell, it wasn’t his place to question, so long as there were no illegal activities involved.

Angela’s grin widened as she entered the brightly lit hall, the seats of the auditorium filled with women, all chatting and conversing. Ensuring the door was locked, she made her way up to the podium.

At the sight of her, all of the women went silent, speaking only in hushed whispers as Angela walked by. She had total control over every woman in the room, and she relished it.

“Welcome, ladies! I trust that your trip here was pleasant?” She announced, receiving a few nods and smiles in the room.

Every woman present, Angela included, wore satin gloves, square-shaped footwear, and a variety of headdresses that each resisted the urge to scratch. Some of the newer members of her coven still rubbed at them insistently, and Angela made a note of whose bald heads were showing underneath. She preferred to command their respect through fear, and it was likely that at least one of those women would be made an example of for risking exposure in such a childish way.

“Now, you may remove your gloves, your shoes, and your wigs!” Angela declared, seeing that her coven was getting impatient.

In truth, she would have preferred to make them wait for a little. Yet she, too, was impatient, knowing the meeting would be short and wanting to get them all on their way. This was a college town, and the late October date meant that midterms were over, and thousands of young men and women would be partaking in celebrations. Though the city was nowhere near farmland, it still reeked of manure. The putrid stink of hormones from those just entering adulthood was repugnant to her senses. Those vermin stank so badly, she could smell it from the airport!

Though she and her coven found the scents of children repugnant, stinking of dog piss and droppings, it was tolerable when compared to the stench of young adults, men, in particular. Angela was aware that her English cousins found the odor of younger children far more repulsive and focused their efforts on eradicating that population. Well, they used to when they were at the height of their power. Now she barely heard a peep from the English branch after their grand high witch was eradicated.

All over the room, women were tearing at their wigs, letting them drop to the floor as they scratched at their bald scalps. Their gloves came off, exposing long, dagger-like nails over wrinkled hands and skin. Their shoes were kicked carelessly away, exposing square feet with no toes. Some of the women who had been wearing dark glasses took them off to reveal purple eyes, though many in attendance took to wearing contacts in recent years. As difficult as they were to insert with massive nails, it was preferable to wearing shaded glasses all day!

Angela, too, took off her wig, pulling down the fake latex skin that gave her beauty in the eyes of men. She was the oldest among them and the most powerful. Therefore, she required more coverings to hide her true nature from the rest of the world. It was the price of power, to change in body to match it. But it was one she willingly paid for her stature.

With an audible *pop*, her nose extended into the air, wrinkled and warty, giving her a menacing visage that she rather enjoyed. Her gloves came off next, her nails gnarled, and her hands liver-spotted. Her feet were massive and box-shaped, and the rest of the latex peeled away to reveal a weathered body, a decrepit chest and spotted skin.

“Witches of America, you have brought SHAME to this coven!” Angela bellowed, making all in attendance stop dead in their seats. “The numbers of young men in this country have not decreased at all! The city is rife with their stench! Everywhere I look, I see them galavanting around without a care in the world! What say you?!” she finished glaring around the room and waiting for the fool who would speak up with an excuse.

It did not take long for a younger witch to raise her hand. “W-we are doing our best, your highness. Our average is one teenager a week. Which is up from the last quarter-”

“Silence!” Angela bellowed, and the mousy woman stopped speaking. Mutters flew from the lips of the older witches as they prepared to watch what happened to a witch who spoke out of turn.

Angela glared down at the woman with murderous intent. “And do you expect me to accept a small increase?! I demand MAXIMUM results from all of you!”

Angela’s hand outstretched, and a crackle of energy lanced forward, as though she was preparing to strike. The young witch froze in fear, and all of the others watched with rapt attention, waiting to see what would happen.

“As useless as you are, perhaps even you lot could not screw this up,” Angela said, a sigh of relief flowing through the poor girl. She had only a second reprieve before the witch’s bolt struck her, and her entire body went up in a plume of smoke.

Some of the other witches cheered excitedly until Angela’s hand went up to silence them. “Enough! It is time for you to go to work!” Angela said, taking out a vial from her purse and holding it up for their inspection.

“This is a modified version of a potion that our sisters concocted in England. Formula 86, the greatest invention in the quest to eradicate the foul stench of youth from the earth! After obtaining it, I not only modified it myself but improved upon it! I present to you, my genius, Formula 93! Not only will it help us to eliminate hundreds of revolting youth, but it will also be a great service to our kind the world over!”

“This one vial contains 500 doses of the formula. The dosage affects the time it takes to work. One dose, one drop, creates a delay of two hours. Any more doses will decrease the delay time. All 500 doses will remove the delay entirely!”

“What does it do, oh great one?” one of the witches asked, arm raised. All of the other women backed away, not wanting to get caught in the blast should Angela decide to make another example.

“The young man who drinks it will start to grow long fur. That young man will start to grow larger. That young man will start to grow a ropey tail. In about 2 minutes, the young man will no longer be a man. The man will now be a jackass! A beast of burden that we can then use to serve us!”

A chorus of applause erupted from the auditorium. Cheers of “Hail, Grand High Witch!” echoed in the hall, making Angela smile.

“Now, on your chairs are envelopes containing cash. You will return to your homes and purchase kegs of alcohol to donate to various colleges and parties. In each, you will inoculate with one dose of the formula. College-aged youth are always dropping out of their studies, meaning their absences are more difficult to track. Plus, they are the easiest to infect in large numbers,” she explained, and all the gathered witches nodded their agreement.

“If you can pass for the proper age, then you can infiltrate the parties yourselves to ensure that the formula is deployed successfully. The formula is enough to start changing anyone who drinks from the keg into a jackass after two hours!”

“What if someone else drinks the beer? What happens if one of us accidentally takes a drop?” one witch asked out of turn. Once more, the women around her moved out of the way, lest the question brought down Angela’s ire.

Yet Angela simply laughed, a barking sound louder than even the combined cheers of the other witches. “Then, too bad for you.”

“Hey, Mike, do you know this chick?”

“Is she hot?” came the reply from inside the house, barely audible over the sounds of the music blasting.

Rick looked down at the mousy woman standing in the door, evidently waiting to join the fun. She didn’t have a costume, but that was alright. She seemed a little nervous and kept scratching at her head. But she was thin, curvy, in all the right places. Particularly her breasts. Yup, she was hot enough!

Rick got out of the way and allowed Vanessa to enter with a smile. Vanessa couldn’t help but notice the way the disgusting man stared at her ass as she did so. She did her best to breathe through her mouth, especially when the stretch of over a dozen 20 something-year-old men wafted into her nose.

Thankfully, her sense of smell was not as strong as some of her older coven mates. Besides, the men’s odors wouldn’t matter soon enough. They already stank of farm beasts to her. Soon they would be beasts in body as well!

To her surprise, each of the attendees was dressed in a variety of colorful garments. Costumes resembling fictional horrors, various human professions, and brightly colored costumes with strange insignia were common. There were very few women in attendance, though all of them seemed to be hardly dressed at all, legs and arms and cleavage on full display. To her disgust, Vanessa even noticed some of them were draped to mock the cultural stereotype of witches! If only they knew the truth of the culture they were insulting!

Vanessa dimly recalled the mockery of the solstice that mankind partook in annually and realized that all Halloween's Eve was less than a week away. She wasn't dressed up herself, though her own flowing gloves seemed sufficient to meet the requirements of the party. She got some impressed looks from the men and smiled to herself, knowing that she had them in her power.

"Excuse me, boys? Can I get a drink?" she asked sweetly, approaching 3 guys standing around and drinking in the hallway. One had a black cape and cheap fangs in his mouth, another had a beer keg-like overcoat with a nozzle hanging near his maleness. The third was dressed as a police officer, sporting a pair of oversized handcuffs.

One of the guys looked at her with a hunger in his eyes. Vanessa did her best not to respond with revulsion to such perversion, not wanting to cause unnecessary attention to herself.

"For you, babe? Right this way!" he said as he reached out with his arm to put it around her.

Vanessa moved into it, doing her best to stifle her gag reflex as she was led to the kitchen, where several beer kegs were set up along the table. Vanessa smiled, making her way over and pouring herself a cup. The men nodded, turning around to talk to his cohorts once more.

Taking the opportunity, Vanessa took over one of her gloves, using her sharp nail to poke a hole at the top of one of the kegs. Pulling out the vial, she intended to pour a single drop into the keg to allow its transformative properties to set in after two hours of drinking. Yet, it was slightly taller than her body, making it uncomfortable to reach.

Attempting to stand on her square feet, she reached up, gently tipping the vial so that a signal drop of the formula diffused into the alcohol. Yet the floor was filthy and uneven, and her forward motion made her stumble just enough to accidentally allow the vial to slide from her grasp. To her shock, the entire container slipped into the keg and fell into the bottom of the mixture!

Vanessa felt her entire body tremble in fear at the prospect of what the Grand High Witch might do to her if she found out. Anyone who drank from the keg would almost instantly turn into a donkey, tipping off the entire party before they could all be infected! She would only get one, maybe a few of the party-goers before the rest stopped to panic!

“Hey, pretty lady, why so pale?” her escort said, walking back to her and putting his arm around Vanessa once more. She nearly gagged from the putrid barnyard stink but did her best to maintain her composure.

Vanessa smiled, taking a drink of her own beverage before seeing that the guy’s cup was empty. “Why don’t you have a drink with me? Cheers to the night!” she said, raising her cup and motioning to the keg she’d just tainted. If she could only change one guy tonight, this one was ideal!

“What’s your name, cutie?” he asked, an obvious drunken slur in his words that made Vanessa shudder internally. Vanessa was thankful for the smell of booze; it covered up the natural odor of that man that she found so repugnant. Soon, he would stink like an actual barn animal, but it would smell like roses to her witch's senses!

“Name’s Rudy, cutie! HaHa!” Rudy laughed as he filled his beer cup, a bit of the foamy fluid sloshing to the floor.

“Vanessa,” she replied, raising her cup in an invitation.

“Cheers!” he yelled, tipping his cup to hers and almost getting his brew into Vanessa’s cup. She pulled away at the last moment, not wanting to taste any of the liquid, just in case.

Rudy, however, downed half his brew in a single go. He stopped abruptly, running a hand over his belly before letting out a hearty belch. Vanessa couldn’t help but notice a wisp of dark smoke bellow from his mouth, a sign that the potion was in his system.

Vanessa waited with bated breath, wondering what the actual transformation would look like. According to the Grand High Witch, it should happen at any moment.

To her shock and surprise, however, it didn’t. Rudy burped again, rubbing his belly as he downed the rest of the brew. Smiling, he then poured herself another cup before walking over to his buddies.

Vanessa stared at the man, dumbfounded. Perhaps the Grand High Witch was wrong? Or maybe, the potion had been diffused enough to allow its effects to delay. Either way, this was her chance to infect more people!

Grabbing two more clean cups and filling them with the tainted brew, Vanessa brought them over to the three gathered men and handed the other two a cup. They introduced themselves as Henry and Sabastian and tried to put their arms around Vanessa as well as they drank with cheers. Within a moment, the familiar smoke rolled out of each of them as they went back to chatting, oblivious.

Just then, a group of 4 more guys, including the bouncer Rick, and one woman, came in to fill their cups. To Vanessa's delight, they all drank from the tainted keg, taking deep swigs of the beverage. Yet this time, Vanessa noted that the others did not give off the expected smoke and were seemingly unaffected. Was it that dilute, or would they show symptoms later? She had no idea.

Curious, she turned around and watched as Rudy belched, smoke coming out of his mouth and ears. To her delight, this time, it was accompanied by the sight of his ears getting longer, as his hair started to stretch into an asinine mohawk. It was working!

Yet Vanessa was still confused. Wasn't it supposed to happen within two minutes? The poor man broke wind and, with it, the smoke of the formula. As he turned towards the mockery of his peers, Vanessa could see the beginnings of a tail sticking out of his backside. It wagged up and down before exposing a black, puckered equine anus.

His compatriots were belching now, as well, wisps of smoke coming out of their mouths and noses. To Vanessa's delight, their noses were flared, and their ears were lengthening into those of a farm beast. However, while Sabastian's ears grew long and pointed to match Rudy's, Henry's ears stuck out at the side, more like oval bovine ears. Weren't they all supposed to turn into donkeys?

An excited bray echoed in the kitchen, and Vanessa crept back to the entrance, wanting to see what was happening. Heavy smoke was billowing out of Rick's body, and his mouth was extended, looking very much like a muzzle. His buddies were laughing. Though smoke billowed from underneath their clothes to signal that they, too, drank some of the tainted brew. They all seemed to be larger in the clothes, with bits of dark fur sticking out in some places.

Yet the sight of their changed compatriot seemed not to alarm them at all. In fact, they found their buddy's altered visage rather hilarious. Their laughter soon started to echo with

brays, though one of the men seemed to be grunting oddly instead. To Vanessa's dismay, two of his lower incisors were upturned into what looked like the beginnings of tusks. Was he becoming some sort of pig?

Just then, another group of men walked in, taking in the sight of Rick's asinine muzzle, now much larger, and covered with grey fur. He started to cough a little, unable to utter human speech as thick, yellowed slabs stuck out from rubbery gums. He seemed to be unsteady on his legs, and his belly was distended rather visibly.

Whether it be a trick of the light or the inebriated state of the party-goers, no one seemed to notice anything amiss with their changing fellows. With no fear of any repercussions, they took turns filling their cups, chatting away about arbitrary topics. Giving cheers to their friend group, they all partook before heading past the changing donkey-boy.

Rick, on the other hand, seemed much more panicked at his state of transformation. Trembling hands reached up to feel his muzzle before the middle digits went stiff. Their tips swelled up like being filled with fluid before thickening with black keratin. The rest of his fingers soon went rigid and receded into his wrists until he was left with only a pair of donkey hooves.

Vanessa didn't want to make a scene since none of the others gathered seemed to be concerned. Yet she couldn't help but stare at Rick's descent into donkey-hood. To her delight, the sick stench of his human flesh was replaced by the much preferable, if still strong scents of equine body odor. More smoke was fuming from his body as it became clear his changes were accelerating.

The ears of two of his friends were now pointed as well, signaling their descent into donkey-dom. Vanessa grinned in delight as the gas expelled from their pants, and their spines twitched with the growths of donkey tails. Both guys let out surprised gasps as their stances shifted, their heels suddenly stretching into their hind legs. Vanessa couldn't wait for the looks of fear in their eyes before they degraded into stupid farm beasts for the rest of their lives!

The woman, however, was in a different state of alteration. Her ears had grown pointed, though not nearly the same size as her companions. Still, she reached up to touch them, seemingly puzzled at their size and the feeling of fur coating them. They twitched in irritation as a swishing of thick hairs teased her backside. It seemed that she had more sense than the others to notice the beginnings of transformation!

The man with the tusks snored a bit as his nose flattened out of his face. He belched, the gas of the formula leaking into the air as he scratched a ballooning belly. The others

gathered were distracted by his stench as he lumbered away, growling something about starving and making his way for the snacks in the other room.

Vanessa was inclined to follow him and see what became of his alterations. Yet the group who had just drunk were approaching her with intention, and Vanessa decided to play along, lest she gave herself away too soon. The stench was stifling, but she had grown accustomed to it in such proximity thus far.

“Hey, babe, haven’t seen you around! I’m Mike!” he said, Vanessa recognizing the voice and the name. Vanessa just shook his hand and introduced herself, trying to keep her eyes off the bumps that were forming over his arm.

The sight of gas was wafting off the others in tow now, the formula taking effect much more quickly than she had expected. Two more sets of jackass ears swelled up above the men’s heads, and flicking tails started sticking from their asses. Yet one man, unlike the rest, had ears that were much larger and mostly rounded, peppered with white hairs. How many different types of transformation was she dealing with?

The sounds of panicked screams hit her ears, and she forced her face into an expression of terror to meet the scene. Her current cohorts raced out into the main room, and she followed, hoping the potion had fully taken effect on at least one of the infected.

Yet, the sight that greeted her eyes was not what she expected. Rudy was on all fours, struggling with obvious growth as his entire bulked up with fat and muscle. His hands, much as Ricks had been, were very nearly a shiny set of jackass hooves. A similar pair was tearing out of his shoes, his heels already stretched out of his pants and socks.

The smoke swirling from his body made it difficult to see the full range of the potion’s effects. But the sounds of clothes tearing was proof enough that the man’s body was stretching out into jackass proportions. She could see his tail swaying back as it cracked and stretched to its proper length. The man’s changing body was bucking and kicking as he struggled with his shirt and pants, all far-too tight for the body he was growing into.

“Dude, what the fAAAWWK!” One of the guys with her shouted as all looked on dumbfounded.

“HHHAAWWPPP MEEEEHHAAWWW!” Rudy brayed, trying desperately to stand on his wide back legs. Yet he simply fell over, hooves heavy as the gray fur and donkey hide continued to sweep over his form.

Vanessa had to stifle a laugh, not wanting to draw attention to her. She needn't have worried; all of the guys she was with, including a few others she had not seen, were drawn by the sights of the struggling donkey. She was free to let her guard down as the smoke billowed from the man's warping body.

To her delight, it did not obscure the sight of the donkey-man's backside. Vanessa doubted any of the others in attendance noticed, but she did. The man's underwear had torn off, exposing a pucked donkey's anus under his swishing tail. Below that, however, was not the tackle that befit the jack that he should have been becoming. Rather, the potion had gifted the man with a cavernous opening, glistening with heat as it pulsated. He had been turned into a jenny!

“HHAAAWWWPPPP! WWWHAAATTT”S HHAAWWWPPPENING!” Sebastian's voice called out, his form hidden by the smoke billowing from his buddy as well as from his own body.

Unlike the asshole that had made a move on her prior, Sebastian had a fully formed donkey cock, erect and swaying under his body. His head was stretching out into a muzzle, his nose black and his teeth yellowed slabs. His human hair was receding into a donkey's mohawk, and his neck and head were sloshing as they continued to swell.

Rudy's panic seemed to have increased as his back turned reflectively to Sebastian's face. Immediately, the jack's nose flared at the stench wafting from the former man's sex. The smoke billowing from out of his tearing clothes seemed to speed up as his jackass form took shape. His hands and feet were already hooves, and his long tail swished back and forth in impatience.

As he fell heavily onto the wooden floor, the smoke receded into his body to signal that his transformation had completed itself. He was now a fully formed jack, in both body and mind if his interest in his former friend's backside was any indication. With a bray of excitement, his thick tongue teased the slick sex before him and made the still-changing man bray.

The smoke around Rudy dissipated as well, his body solidifying itself into a jenny. Yet something was wrong. Though his body was fully transformed, as was expected, his head was only partially changed. He had a perfect pair of jackass ears atop of his head, and his nose had blackened above slightly rubbery lips and a thick growth of beard.

The rest of his face seemed to remain human, even as the changes were completed. His eyes were wide with fright, one a normal blue while the other was brown with a

rectangular equine iris. His teeth were a mix of human and donkey, and his rubbery lips could still speak, although the panicked words coming out of them were adorned with donkey brays.

This did not deter the jack, however. Even if his conquest was not entirely asinine in body, the scent wafting from his cunt lips was more than sufficient incentive. With a bray of triumph, the man formerly known as Sebastian raised up on his hind hooves and speared at the gaping opening of Rudy's offering.

Despite the look of horror on Rudy's face, his body had other ideas, his wide stance allowing his new jack easy entry. "HHHAWWWWWP MEEEEHHAAWWWW! Get him AAAWWWWWF mWWWHAAAWWW!" he brayed helplessly, but nothing could stop the jack from claiming his new body and sex.

Though the irony of such a predator being taken in this manner was not lost on her, Vanessa found herself growing worried. This was not the intended goal of the formula as she understood it. Worst of all, the notion that human features might remain on some of their targets was terrifying. Their coven might even be exposed as a result!

Was this perhaps her fault? A result of the potion being dropped into the keg of alcohol? Would the Grand High Witch find out and eliminate her for incompetence?

A series of brays and something that sounded more of a whinny echoed from the kitchen, followed by a heavy thud. Vanessa was panicked now, thinking she needed to escape lest she was caught. Yet curiosity got the better of her as she made her way to the kitchen.

Two men with donkey ears blew past her to run up the stairs. The ashen paint from one's zombie make up had given way to black donkey hide, while the other's fitted vampire fangs fell away from the growth of yellowed incisors. Their hooves clicked on the stairs as they did so, and their cries of panic were infused with donkey inflections.

"Wait, help! My stomach!" Mike's voice called out, and Vanessa looked at the horrific visage before her. His lips had taken on a yellowed shade, protruding from his face into a still-growing crescent. Two massive growths seemed to have bubbled from under his cheeks. His skin was peppered with gooseflesh that was beginning to erupt into feathers.

Mike's protruding stomach pressed tightly against his fake police uniform before his shrinking body made it more comfortable. His feet were poking from his socks, pointed talons tearing from pale human toes. Anywhere his clothes grew loose exposed wrinkling flesh that erupted in a coating of white feathers.

Mike let out a scream that ended in a chicken's crow as his body was forced to squat. Pained expression on his face, his feathery body tensed as a white orb started to exude from his backside. Unbroken, the massive egg fell to the floor as Mike's eyes went wide with fright. His human expression remained even as his changes completed, and his mostly hen's body was forced to lay another egg.

The other man had been stunned silent the entire time, and Vanessa had almost forgotten about his presence. Still, her gaze was drawn to the billowing smoke in time to see him falling into his superhero onesie, brown fur plastered across his skin. His eyes were red and had popped out of his head, squeezed by a shrinking skull and buck-toothed muzzle. Clawed fingers sat upon shrinking arms, and the outline of a naked tail could be seen from the back of his costume before his shrinking form fell into it. Soon, a tiny brown mouse scurried from the fallen pile of clothes, evidently racing for other shelters.

Vanessa continued to stand there, unsure of what she should do. All over the house, shouts echoed, some turning to brays, oinks, and caws that signaled the infected were changing. It was clear that some people were attempting to phone for help, leading Vanessa to decide it was unwise to continue to gaze upon what she had caused.

Brays echoed from upstairs, reminding Vanessa of the donkey boys she had seen trying to escape. More human shouts were preceded by the sounds of running feet, and a young man and woman raced down the stairs, both nearly naked. The man had been wearing a toga but was now clad only in underwear. His partner had only undergarments, having not bothered to don the rest of her slutty, zombie nurse's costume. Both sported jackass ears and tails.

Vanessa chose that moment to get out of there. It was clear to her recollection that neither of them had partaken of the tainted beer, evidently having been engaged in intimate activities the entire time. That realization was perhaps worse than anything she could have prepared for. Were the effects of the formula airborne?

A heavy bang echoed from what seemed to be a downstairs bathroom. A massive man with features Vanessa recognized as Henry bust out, mooing in panic. He had outgrown his costume, and the stink of a barn was on him, nearly as overpowering as his human stench. A thick tufted tail flicked irritably behind his massive white-furred hips. Two horns crowned his forehead, and dull, oval eyes still managed to convey his terror at the transformation he was undergoing.

Yet the most prominent feature was the thick, pale-skinned udder that sat just below his belly, clearly where his sex had once been. Four pairs of throbbing teats hung turgid in the air, and Henry was trying desperately to rub his thick-nailed hands over them in an attempt to

coax more milk from his body. His strong legs still allowed an upright stance, but it was of little reprieve given the changes to his skeletal structure.

Panicked now herself, Vanessa made for the door, though the sights from the kitchen distracted her once more before she could escape. Two fully formed donkeys stood around calmly, flicking their tails and lapping at some spilled beer on the floor. Rick seemed to have completed his changes a while ago, his half-donkey form much in the same state it had been when she'd last seen him. Or her, as was the case from what she could see of the exposed genitalia. Like Rudy, Rick now seemed to sport a donkey's vagina and a set of blackened teats.

The looks of horror on his still-human features were likely no longer a result of the change. Rather, the massive thoroughbred stallion poking at his swollen sex with 18 inches of horsecock seemed to be the source of his distress. Clearly, the witch-costumed woman from before was now in the body of a feral horse, desperate to put his new cock into use. And the only one with female sex in the room was the formerly male college student.

The pain from such penetration was not lost in Rick's features as he was forcibly fucked into his new sex. Still, there were hints of pleasure on his features as the stallion found his place, heavy black orbs slapping against her backside as the slick sloshing of equine rut echoed in the air. Even if Rick somehow did not have her fill with sex from the former woman, the two jacks sported erections that seemed eager to fuck her once the stallion was done.

The room across the hall with the refreshments was rife with the stench of a sty. Vanessa was reminded by the pig-man she had seen making for the food earlier. His changes were complete, and the feral hog was rooting around in the mess he had made, steadily eating everything he had spilled.

No one else in sight, Vanessa flung open the door to escape the effects of her obvious mistake. The cool night air hit her skin, and Vanessa did her best to put on a panicked expression. She needed to be as disturbed by the Cronenberg horrors she had created as anyone present.

The presence of sirens and lights in the distance indicated that the authorities had been called. It seemed that all of those who had escaped had dispersed. Asinine brays still echoed in the distance, likely arousing others on the streets to investigate. There was no way to know how long the potion would linger in the air of the house, though it was likely to dissipate once outside. Still, if the police entered the room while it was still active, it was likely they would turn into similar beasts as well.

Vanessa initially had no intention of staying put, not wanting to seek the Grand High Witch's wrath for the events she set in motion. Yet something prompted her to look back into the house, recalling the fully-formed donkeys with their erections on display. The mental images sent strange signals through her changing body. Sensations swelling under her newly grown tail kept her rooted to the spot. She moaned from her larger lips, her sex quivering with need.

The idea of giving in and giving the men what they'd been asking for all night should not have been appealing. Yet, a smile did escape her lips even as she went back into the house, tail flicking back and forth as she prepared to mate. At least the Grand High Witch couldn't find her and punish her if she was a donkey!